



Town Cryer

Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslich.

Mordheim 3 Groats

STAND AND DELIVER!

HIGHWAYMEN MENACE THE ROADS OF OSTERMARK...

Since the collapse of centralised government with the destruction of Mordheim, anarchy has descended upon the land. Tis not just the rubble-strewn streets of the Cursed City that invite danger, for the weary traveller on the roads of Ostermark has to contend with treacherous bandits, foul mutated beasts and suave but unscrupulous highwayman. These so called 'gentlemen' robbers, resplendent in the finest Bretonnian silks, have increased dramatically in number since the catastrophe that levelled the jewel in Ostermark's crown. The Stage on the olde Bechafen road has been held up by these blaggards six times in the last month alone!



One brave coachman has been cruelly slain by these heartless heathen and another wounded in the defence of their charges.

The hapless passengers have found themselves deprived of their worldly goods – one noble couple not only lost their money, luggage and jewelry but even the very clothes from their backs! So, beware citizens and travellers in these dark times and if ye desire to travel the lonely roads, carry a loaded pistol at your side...

Here
Within



The final
exploration of the
City of the
Damned –
The Pit.

The Empire in
Flames – new
Hired Swords in
town.

The Gangs of
Mordheim take
to the streets in
brawls of a
massive scale

**GAMES
WORKSHOP®**

The Imperial Stage



'Stand and Deliver!'



'All aboard for the Sylvanian Express...'



Goblins... thousands of 'em...

Ye Editor Speaks

Welcome my machiavellian friends to this the twenty and sixth issue of our glorious publication – Town Cryer. In the fourth installment of ye Empire in Flames, wilderness setting, we bring dire tayles of dashing but deadly Highwaymen and brave and resolute Roadwardens. These warriors are selling their swords to the highest bidders upon the lonely roads of our once fair Empire.

Ace reporter Space McQuirk brings us fell tayles from the most dangerous place in all ye land – the thrice-cursed South-eastern Quarter of the city of Mordheim. Here in this desolate and perilous place lies the dreaded Pit, the supposed lair of his most insidious highness the Shadowlord... Since returning, gibbering like an insane fool, poor old Space hasn't quite been the same – read, if ye dare, of his heinous discoveries...

Our most honoured scrivener and colleague, the most prolific Nicodemus Kyme, returns with his report of the large scale conflicts in down-town Mordheim entitled 'Gangs of Mordheim'.

Read on, but remember, t'is not for the feint of heart.

Steve

Contents

NEW IN TOWN... 2

The Imperial Stage rumbles into town ably supported by the Empire Roadwarden but there's also the Highwaymen lurking.

CITY OF THE DAMNED 4

In this the final article from the series describing the cursed city of Mordheim, we venture into the South-eastern Quarter, wherein lies the Pit...

EMPIRE IN FLAMES 12

This is the fourth installment of the new setting for Mordheim exploring the wilderness of the Empire. Here we introduce two new Hired Swords: the Roadwarden and Highwayman.

GANGS OF MORDHEIM 20

This thrilling new scenario, based on a certain film of similar name, introduces really big conflicts to the streets of Mordheim.

CATALOGUE 28

The full catalogue of Mordheim supplements and miniatures available from Mail Order.

PAINT YER WAGON 29

How to paint your Imperial Stagecoach.

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New in Town...

This issue see the first releases for the Empire in Flames wilderness setting. All of these models were designed by in-house Fanatic sculptor Mark Bedford.

First, we have the Highwayman Hired Sword. The Highwayman is in a most impressive stance, brandishing his pistol as though he's just delivered the immortal line: 'Stand and deliver, your money or your life!' He cuts a dashing pose with his bicorne hat and heavy travelling coat. This flamboyant chap is available in a single blister as both a mounted and foot model.



Mounted Highwayman

You can't have a flashy Highwayman without his nemesis – the dour, stubborn Roadwarden. This guy is dressed in far more practical attire than his dandy arch rival, with heavy armour over the livery of his province. This model is also available in a single blister as both a mounted and foot model. The mounted miniature comes equipped with a crossbow whilst the foot miniature has an intricately decorated warhammer from which hangs a pennant denoting his office. The Roadwarden's waist is festooned with all manner of pouches, seals and parchments which will prove an immense joy to paint.

You can find the rules for both of these Hired Swords on pages 18-19 of Empire in Flames, in this issue of Town Cryer.



Highwayman on Foot





Mounted Roadwarden

Finally, we have a really awesome addition to the Mordheim range. This model comes as a multi-part kit and utilises the Empire plastic wheels and unarmoured horses from the Warhammer range of miniatures. This is quite a bulky model, rivalling the size of the Empire steam tank and fits quite nicely onto a special chariot base. There's a gargoyle-like motif upon the door and lanterns at each corner of the coach. The coachman is a particularly gruff looking chap, such is the nature of his job maybe? He's dressed in an all-weather



Roadwarden on Foot

hooded cape and carries a handgun. He fits perfectly over the yoke on a small driver's seat.

This model makes the perfect centrepiece to any warband or can simply be used in the 'Stagecoach Ambush' scenario from last issue. Whatever you choose, we're sure that you'll agree that this is a cracking model.

These models are available as individual blister packs and can be purchased from your local direct sales centre (see the How to Order section on the Contacts page of this mag (page 27)).



Stagecoach

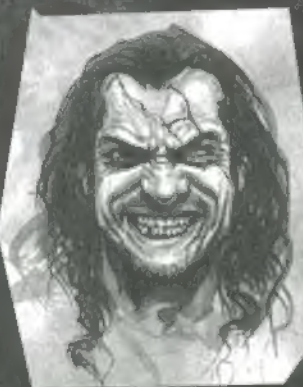


City of the Damned

Cartography & new art by Nuala Kennedy
Scribed by Space McQuirk & Stephanus Harburgh

This is the fifth and final installment of the City of the Damned series of articles exploring the cursed city of Mordheim. This issue our brave and resourceful scribe, Space McQuirk, explores the most sinister quarter of the City, where the comet struck and that which now harbours the dreaded Pit: the South-east Quarter.

Once, in a time that has now gone, the South-Eastern Quarter of the city of Mordheim was known for being one of the most entertaining and colourful places in the east of the Empire.



"There are many paths that lead to death and damnation in the thrice-cursed City of the Damned but none more

perilous than the path to the old poor quarter in the South-eastern Quarter. Be warned youth, for this is not child's play, it is here that the Hammer of Sigmar struck Mordheim. It is here that the still smoking crater was left. That which is referred to as the Black Pit in hushed tones by the wary, for is it not also said that it is in this same dark place that dwelleth the dreaded lord of the night – the Shadowlord?"

A bustling region where money was in no short supply, it attracted street entertainers from every continent, all who would arrive at this bright festive part of town seeking their fame and fortune. From stilt walkers and jugglers, to actors and bards, the streets of this quarter were truly a spectacle to behold. By day, the streets were a bright sea of colourful costumes as street entertainers tried to out-do their neighbours with more outlandish wardrobes and ever more eccentric performances. By night, the main streets were lit up with huge braziers that burned scented oils in all manner of colours. The streets were constantly bustling, packed with crowds and, under strict orders of death from the guild masters, the petty thieves and pickpockets would refrain from their nefarious activities. All these elements combined to make the South-east Quarter of Mordheim one of the safest and most popular places anywhere in the Empire.



It was in this quarter that the wealthy merchants and nobles who visited the town would stay. Whilst they conducted their business within the other sectors of the town they knew that their families would be kept amused by the costumed fools and jesters. As the propensity of the city grew so did this area flourish. The need to cater for the wealthy clients led to most of the inns and taverns becoming luxurious in the décor and the prices of a simple jug of ale and a meal were more than most inhabitants of the city could earn in a week. The landlords grew fat on the rich pickings and would hire the best street entertainers to perform in their inns. Some of these shows grew to be so famous that they would run for months attracting sell-out crowds. The longest running performance was at a characterful tavern known as the Hippogriff's Nest. Here the show 'Johann's Tarnished Chainmail Jerkin' ran for over three decades after the long since forgotten writer's demise

At the heart of the quarter was The Ruprecht Von Endon Amphitheatre, named after the famous playwright. An imposing structure that could seat many thousands of spectators, the



Nordheim

South-eastern
Quarter

East
Gatehouse

Ward's
Mansions

Clock Tower

The Pit

Boat Quarter

Stadthalle

Von Enden
Theatre

Heldenhammerweg

South
Gatehouse

amphitheatre was the most visited building in Mordheim. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of this massive tourist attraction was that the entire exterior was painted in gold leaf. By day, regular shows would be held to entertain visitors. Playwrights from all over the Old World would bring their troupes to Mordheim in the hope that they could persuade a patron to sponsor their performance at the Golden Globe. One of the most popular forms of entertainment were the huge puppets, each standing over twenty feet tall that would entertain the children at matinee performances. As the sun set, the globe would shine in hues of orange, pink then as dusk finally arrived it would glow a deep crimson in colour. This in many ways was a reflection of what was to come. At first, the evening shows were intricate re-enactments of famous battles in history. In the final years before the catastrophe struck, however, the entertainment became far more macabre. Many who knew the amphitheatre as the Golden Globe by day, would call it the Blood Theatre at night.

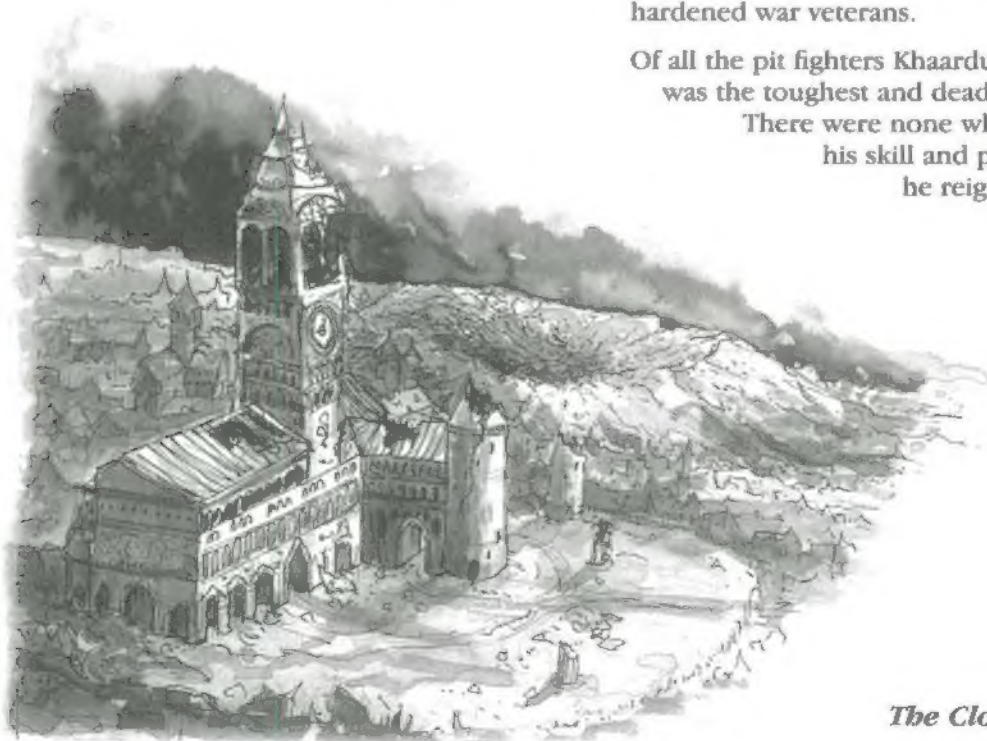


At night the amphitheatre was the Empire's largest gladiatorial arena despite being outlawed everywhere else in the Empire. Some of the brightly coloured sets and stages would be removed to be replaced by gruesome spikes and pit traps and thousands of spectators would turn up, eager to see blood spilled in the name of

entertainment. Their chants would fill the night air until finally the gladiators were released from the cells beneath the amphitheatre. All manner of dark fights would be staged to entertain the crowds. Mighty savage beasts, imported from all over the known world would be unleashed into the arena to face the best of the Pit Fighters. It was not uncommon to see a single Pit Fighter facing one of the dreaded Hydras of Naggaroth. On occasion, the beast would turn upon the audience but, it seemed the thrill and danger only served to heighten the appeal of these combats. As the evenings fighting continued hundreds of unarmed slaves would find momentary freedom from their shackles, only to find themselves facing a handful of highly trained Pit Fighters. In this slaughter, the Pit Fighters were rewarded points for the most imaginative ways to despatch their helpless opponents. The last surviving slave would be offered the chance to train in the pits himself, becoming one of the Empire's most highly trained and skilled warriors. One of the more bizarre highlights of the evening would be when Hedge wizards and warlocks who had been captured in battle would be forced to fight each other in awesome magical duels. Promising displays of sparkling colour, these arcane combats never failed to disappoint, especially if the warlock turned his opponent into a toad or other such creature before dispatching him. Having arrived baying for blood the audiences would leave appeased having witnessed sickening deaths that would repulse even the most hardened war veterans.

Of all the pit fighters Khaardun the Gloried was the toughest and deadliest fighter.

There were none who could match his skill and power and he reigned



The Clocktower

supreme for years. There were those that claimed he worshipped the forbidden powers and that he took his strength from them. Others claimed that he was possessed. It mattered not to the patrons of the amphitheatre, so long as they made enough coin from his bouts.

Throughout the Empire, and indeed most of the realms of man, magic is greeted with both horror and superstition. Most wizards and warlocks are very solitary folk, for sorcery is punishable by death and to make open displays of their abilities is foolish and dangerous. Every city in the Empire has secret covens of practitioners and it was in the South-eastern Quarter of Mordheim that the cult of magic first sprung into being. In dark houses and secluded towers, amidst the slums of the poor, the renegade wizards were safe to conduct their illicit experiments. These experiments would often be performed upon unwitting students. It is rumoured that the cellars and basements of the wizard's mansions housed all manner of abominations, the results of spells gone disastrously wrong.

In the last years of Mordheim, when the Temple of Sigmar stood quiet and empty, the priests having mysteriously disappeared, the cult of magic revealed itself. The previously secretive magicians built themselves lavish mansions and strode through the streets aloof in their arrogant denial of the Imperial edicts. They were not just tolerated by the authorities but now found employment in the various different government bodies and the military. Although the streets of the wizards' mansions were quiet and free from the crime that haunted the other areas of the city, the streets were a dangerous place for the unwary. Spells would often go wrong and the disastrous side effects could burst out from wizards' towers and mansions saturating the area with all manner of twisted effects. It was not uncommon for showers of fish to rain down on the streets, or for colourful fireballs to roar uncontrolled down the narrow alleys.

It seems ironic that in stark contrast to the glamour and wealth that this quarter arrogantly displayed, there was a much darker side. For it was in the south of this quarter, under the crumbling walls that the poor found their lodgings. The social and economic reasons behind this are unclear; perhaps it was the possibility of unfounded wealth that

attracted them here. More likely it is the fact that the very south of Mordheim was built on swampland. The houses were constantly flooding and away from the brightly lit, perfumed streets there was a permanent smell of decay. Here dozens were crammed into small rooms, sleeping on the cold bare floors. It was within this quarter that the masses who toiled both day and night making Mordheim such an opulent city, would both live and die. Few ever made it from the gutter to rise to any position of wealth. Disease and squalor took a severe toll on the famished people who lived in these ramshackle dwellings and the rich didn't even bat an eyelid.

Towering above the whole city, the Clock Tower could be seen from many miles away as the visitor approached the city. A magnificent structure, it was the tallest standing building in the entire city. The tower was open to the public and every day hundreds would climb the steep spiral staircase. Once at the top, the spectator would be rewarded with a majestic view of the city and its surrounds. Guards were constantly posted at the top of the tower to watch for approaching armies. Housed at the top of the tower was a brass bell of gigantic proportions. The bell was installed in honour of Count Fervinord's wife whose acts of charity were famed throughout the region. Each hour, the bell would strike and its ring was so loud that towns and cities miles away from Mordheim could hear the deep resonant call of the Great Lady. Above the huge bell was a small chamber. Within the chamber was located a powerful telescope from which astronomers would observe the movements of the heavens. It was from this location that the comet was first spotted many months before it struck. None of the astronomers realised the catastrophic fate that this celestial wonder would have upon the city. Astronomers pitched tents around the base of the tower every morning making the arduous climb to the top of the tower to gaze in awe at the fantastic spectacle as it grew ever larger.

As the celebrations for the coming New Year spread across the city, the festival atmosphere pervaded the Southeast grew ever greater. Thousands flooded through the city gates to join in the fun and festivity. Only at the last minute did the astronomers at the top of the tower realise the peril they faced. In a desperate attempt to warn the people, they rang the Great Lady but the people below saw this as an outpouring of joy. The comet struck at the heart of the



South-east Quarter. The initial impact killed thousands in the blink of an eye and levelled nearly every building in the quarter. A vast crater over a hundred yards across and nearly a hundred feet deep rent the earth at the point of impact. The comet exploded into millions of shards. These shards were equally deadly, crushing thousands as they rained back down all over the doomed city. It is said that an ear-piercing roar filled the air, drowning out the sound of the Great Lady. Mighty ripples of green fire spread from the crater, engulfing those unfortunate enough not to be killed by the impact.



Those whom were not incinerated by the deadly flames suffered a fate far worse. The stilt walkers and street artists found their costumes mutating around them and they became one. Claws, horns, tentacles and a whole host of other foul things sprouted from the costumes, which melted into the flesh of these possessed individuals. Driven insane, they went on a murderous rampage ripping apart those few survivors, who had moments earlier been thrilled by their acrobatic performances. From the crater, hundreds of horrifying creatures and howling daemons poured forth with an insatiable desire for human flesh turning the city into a total blood bath. Out of the entire city, the slaughter was most complete in the South-eastern Quarter – there were no survivors.

Nor did the Poor Quarter escape the near total devastation of the city, although what happened here had a sick and ironic twist in its tail. The effects of the fine wyrdstone dust thrown up by the comet had a profound effect on the poor who were mainly sick and malnourished. In a matter of minutes those who had been suffering badly with maladies found new strength flowing through them. Their skin mutated and boils and poxes sprang forth from them. Floods of maggots and flies spewed from their untreated wounds and they became carriers of all of the foulest most contagious plagues known to man although they themselves were immune despite their horrendous appearance. In a flood of filth and decay, the infected poor folk left the ruined city in a mass exodus south, spreading disease wherever they went.

The wizards desperately tried to gather their strength and use their powers to minimise the devastation that was being wrought upon

Mordheim. In their conceit, they thought that they could combine their magics and drive the daemons back to the darkness from whence they came. They were not disciplined though, and the affects of the huge amount of Wyrdstone turned their powers against them. As the spells burst from their fingertips they found them twisting and flaring out of control. In flashes of incandescent light, each of the wizards was twisted into a grotesque statue. These statues can still be found lining the streets and upon the balconies of their towers and in a perverse chaotic twist the wizards were not killed by the transformation. Instead they were trapped in bodies of stone and metal but their eyes still move, staring malignantly at those who would trespass in the ruins of their mansions. It is said that these statues still retain their magical abilities and punish those that seek to covert their treasures.

Through some strange quirk of the gods, the Clock Tower survived the impact of the comet almost entirely intact. The astronomers watched in horror as the scenes of devastation unfurled around them. Many days later these same astronomers emerged from the city. Protected from the carnage that was wrought upon the streets even they had not been spared the dire fates of damnation that cursed every citizen of Mordheim. Such was the terror that they had witnessed that they became gibbering fools incapable of coherent speech or thought. Now they travel the desolate land of Ostermark. The 'Bearers of Blinding Woe' as they have now called themselves, chant of the damnation of any who would seek to enter the city, cursing those who do not heed their mad ramblings. They have been known to attack those who seek the ruins of Mordheim, screaming at their victims that the beating is for their own salvation.



On the very last days of the Cursed City, the most spectacular gladiatorial games were being held in the Amphitheatre. When the comet struck the city, the Pit King, Khaardun the Gloried, was in the arena, hacking his way through two hundred unarmed slaves for the bloodthirsty pleasure of the baying mob when a dark shadow fell upon him. It is said that as he arched his back, releasing an inhuman ululating cry, Khaardun's mortal body burst open. Huge

spines were claimed to have thrust out from his back and great talons ripped out from his fingers and upon his head he wore a crown of horns. From the utterances of madmen Khaardun is alleged to have grown at an immense rate, transforming into a gargantuan, hellish daemon, the very stuff of nightmares. Later, known by some as the Harbinger, the Foretoken and the Bearer, this being is known to the cursed folk of Mordheim as the Shadowlord. From out of the Amphitheatre flew the mighty beast. Its wings blotted out the light and those who fell under their shadow were gripped by a dread fear. The eyes of this creature burned with a dread menace and any who looked upon them were stricken dead with sheer terror. The daemon flew above the city, high into the orange dust covered sky. Beneath it, the city burned in a powerful inferno and in a mighty voice the daemon bellowed.



"People of Mordheim, I am your new master. All who behold the Shadowlord know that you are damned for all eternity." Folding back its massive wings it swooped down into the fiery Pit.

So it was that the Shadowlord declared itself the new master of Mordheim. Its many

daemonic minions and Possessed lackeys were sent forth to bring victims to the great pit where it made its lair. The people were bound and forced to march into the great smoking pit to their doom. It is said that here the beast waits, extending its malevolent and insidious influence amongst those foolish enough to come to the Cursed City. For the will of men is weak and the Shadowlord's patience is said to be eternal.



Now the entire city is in fear of the dreaded Shadowlord. In a mockery of the once fun filled streets where entertainers played freely, the Shadowlord's daemonic minions have established their own twisted circus. These diabolical troupes tour the South-eastern Quarter seeking out victims for their ghastly performances. None but the extremely foolish dare approach the Pit for here is the most dangerous place in all of Mordheim. The eldritch fires of the unearthly comet still burn here with a pale green hue. Each day a new beast emerges from the Pit, ever more grotesque than those that preceded it, and always hunting for raw flesh. The lure of wealth and adventure will always attract those foolish enough to enter the City of the Damned and for those who dare do so death or glory will gladly await them...



Ruprecht Von Endon Amphitheatre

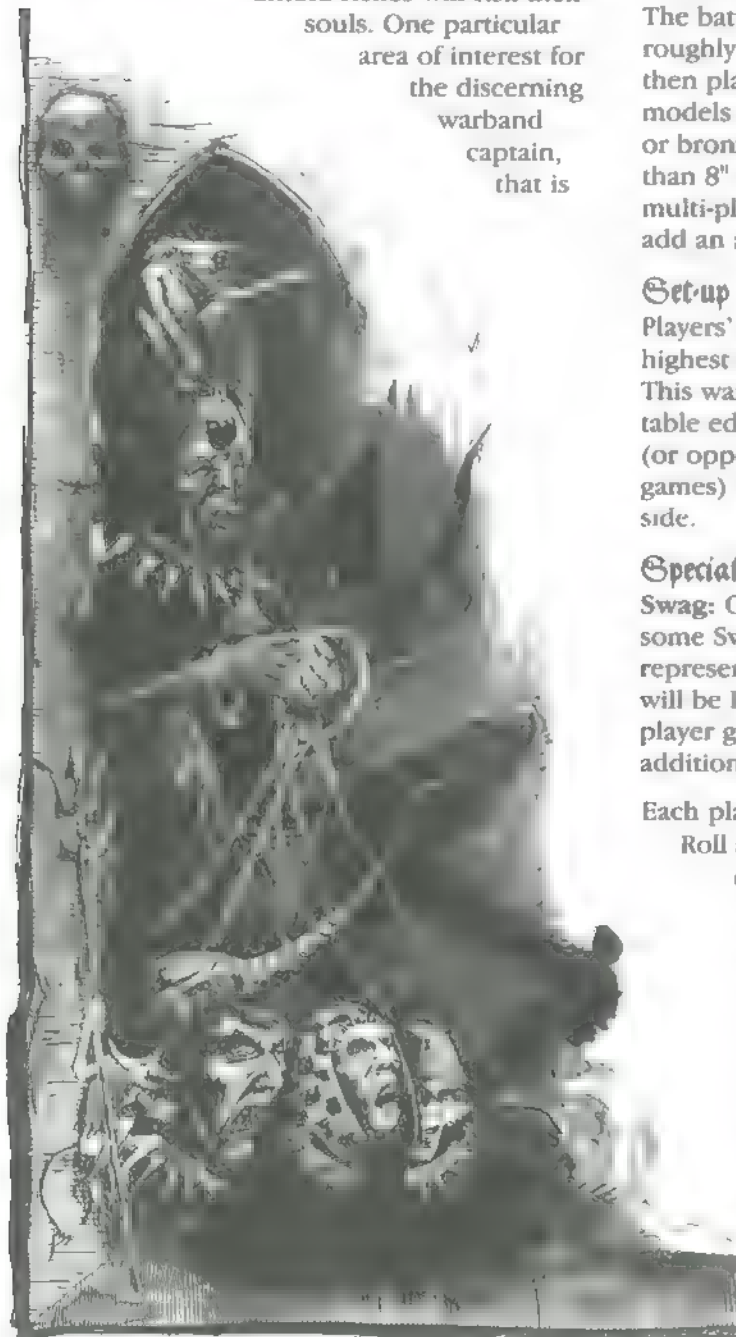


Scenario: The Watchers



Only the most brave or foolhardy of warbands dare to explore the South-eastern Quarter of the city. Few of those that do are ever seen again, for this part of Mordheim is well known as the domain of the reviled Shadowlord. Here, the warbands of the Possessed hold the sway of power and the closer that a warband gets to the still smouldering crater left by the comet the closer they are to invite death or eternal damnation. Still, those whose greed knows no bounds or those who wholeheartedly believe that the map they have bought (or stolen) is a genuine guide to

untold riches will risk their souls. One particular area of interest for the discerning warband captain, that is



reputed to be overflowing with wealth, is the area under the shadow of the eastern gatehouse once populated by wizards and warlocks. The rumours go that this area is rich especially with magical artifacts although warriors are warned to be wary of the statues...

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain either a ruined building, tower, or other similar item. The battle is fought in an area roughly 4' x 4'. Players should then place D3+1 statues (we suggest models of wizards painted to look like stone or bronze). These should be placed no closer than 8" of each other or the board edge. For multi-player games we suggest that players add an additional D3 statues per player.



Set-up

Players' should roll a D6 and whoever rolls highest chooses which warband goes first. This warband is deployed within 8" of any table edge the player chooses. The opponent (or opponents in the case of multi-player games) then set up within 8" on the opposite side.

Special Rules

Swag: Once you have placed the terrain, put some Swag counters on the tabletop to represent where the wizards' riches are. There will be D3+1 counters in total. For multi-player games we suggest that players add an additional D3 counters per player.

Each player takes it in turn to place a counter.

Roll a D6 to see which player goes first. The counters must be placed within 8" of a statue, no further than 10" from the edge of the table and at least 6" away from each other. Note that counters are placed before deciding which edge the warbands will play from, so it is a good idea to put counters towards the middle of the table. Warriors can pick up the counters simply by moving into contact with them. A warrior can carry any amount of Swag without any penalty. Warriors cannot transfer their Swag to another warrior. If the warrior

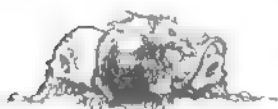
who is carrying a counter is taken *out of action*, place the counter on the table where he fell.

Statues: Unbeknownst to the warriors, the apparently harmless statues of the wizards are actually still alive, although in eternal torment. Any warrior who attempts to pick up a Swag counter must roll a D6. On the score of a 4+, the wizard has noticed them and unleashed a spell against them – roll another D6: on a 1-2 he casts a Necromantic spell, on a 3-4 he casts a Chaos spell, on a 5-6 he casts a Lesser magic spell. Determine the spell to be cast by rolling (yet another!) D6 on the appropriate spell list. If the spell is out of range or is simply inappropriate in the circumstances (ie, *Wings of Darkness*, *Luck of Shemtek* etc,) then consider it as miscast. The opponent may roll for the wizard to see if his Casting roll was successful, adding +1 to the attempt (it's always more fun this way!). The statue will only ever attempt to cast a spell at a warrior once.



Starting the Game

Roll a D6 to see who has the first turn



Ending the game

The game ends when all the warband have routed, bar one.

Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The Leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience each.

+1 per Swag Counter. If a Hero or Henchman is carrying a Swag counter at the end of the battle he receives +1 Experience.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts *out of action*.

All Gotten Gains...

Players may roll once on the following table for each Swag counter that they still have in their possession at the end of the game:

D6	Item
1	Lucky Charm
2	Tears of Shallya
3	Crimson Shade
4	Dark Venom
5	Cathayan Silks
6	Tome of Magic



MORDHEIM Empire in Flames

In this, the fourth installment of Empire in Flames, we have some new Hired Swords exclusive to the Empire wilderness setting. These new Hired Swords follow the generic rules for hiring and maintaining Hired Swords from page 147 of the Mordheim rulebook.

"H'yar!" cried the coachman as he lashed hard at the heaving beasts seating against their heavy burden.

"Faster, damn it!" he cried with renewed urgency, the yellow of his Martenburg cloth tinged darkly with his own sweat and blood, a nervous glance behind revealing their masked pursuers still gave chase with little sign of abating.

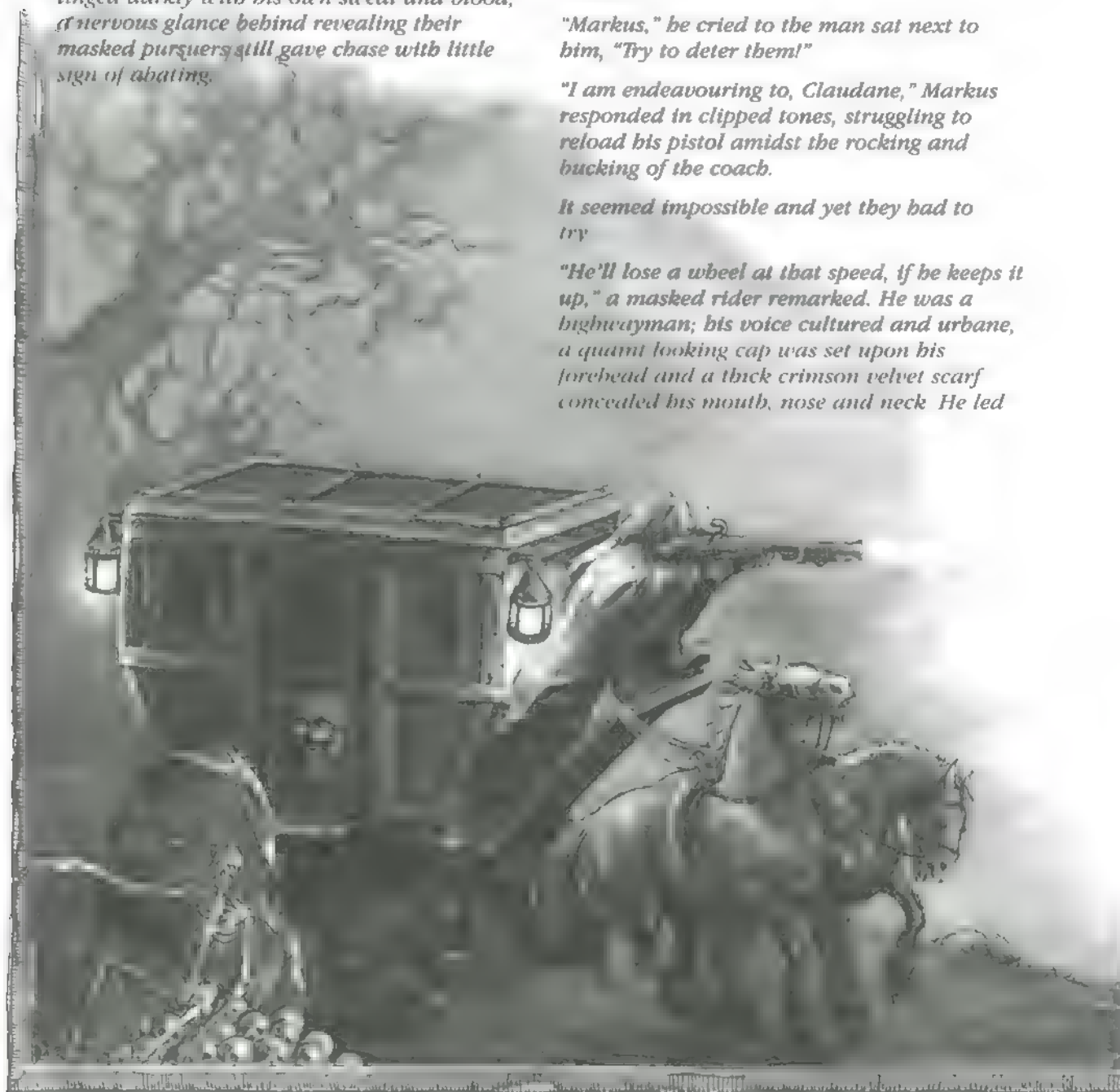
He could not outrun them and so made certain of the blade and pistol at his belt. The stagecoach held three, and two upon the ramp. Treasure laden and wounded, they were an easy target and the draft horses were flagging.

"Markus," he cried to the man sat next to him, "Try to deter them!"

"I am endeavouring to, Claudane," Markus responded in clipped tones, struggling to reload his pistol amidst the rocking and bucking of the coach.

It seemed impossible and yet they had to try.

"He'll lose a wheel at that speed, if he keeps it up," a masked rider remarked. He was a highwayman; his voice cultured and urbane, a quaint looking cap was set upon his forehead and a thick crimson velvet scarf concealed his mouth, nose and neck. He led



the group, riding between the other two horsemen, with one hand upon the reins with disdainful confidence, despite the rough conditions of the narrowing woodland track, the other hand held a pistol in his lap.

"We should take them now," a gruff voice warned.

Wearing thick, black hooded cloaks, they clung to the gloom like shifting spectres but the gruff rider's hood had fallen back during the chase, revealing his true aspect; a thick black beard and long shaggy locks characteristic of Middenheim. There was a scar down one side of his face. A tattoo of Ulric upon the other confirmed his provincial allegiance.

"Berak, my impatient colleague," the Highwayman Quaine, remarked, "You were wise enough to entrust this 'expedition' to me," he said, flashing a glance towards Berak; the oaf was struggling with his horse, the woodland underbrush closed in about them as they advanced, encroaching like a dread snagging shadow where a misplaced horse hoof could spell a rider's doom...

"Be 'brave' enough to see it through." Quaine's challenge was carefully veiled; the emphasis was subtle yet resonant.

"We'll see it through pistolier," the gruff Midden man answered, tightening the grip on his reins. "Marienburgers are never short of coin," he added with a bitter taste in his mouth.

"To the fork," Quaine assured him, "and your 'colleagues' will do the rest."

The boom of pistol fire rent the night. A man upon the stage was shooting, once young and perfume addled but looking grimy and worn of late. The iron ball shot deep into the blackness and tree bark was sent flying as thorny splinters struck the third rider and cut his face. No words of pain escaped his lips but he tore his hood back with annoyance to clear the debris.

"This is madness," he chided, his grey forked beard bristling. "We should'a waited 'til they made camp and then struck."

"You assume they will make camp this night Grenwald," Quaine countered, ducking down to drive his steed faster as the air raced passed them and thick branches swept dangerously low in their wake.

"They might reach the sanctuary of a farm, guarded homestead or coaching inn."

The forest flew past as a blur of deepening green and black. Trees became phantoms; the dark was a moving thing

"And what then?" Quaine asked, the pistol on his lap rested inconspicuously in Grenwald's direction.

Another shot exploded overhead. Grenwald and Berak ducked as the air lashed against their faces with the growing tempo of the chase. It took seconds for the stink of powder smoke to assail their nostrils.

"We take them here and in the open where they are isolated and here'st of help," Quaine told him.



"You're not our leader," came Grenwald's angry retort, "You're a hired dog but your tricks of late have been meagre," he spat, hanging tight to his reins, keeping low as the trees and bracken swept passed. "The loot has been less than you've reckoned more than once this past month..."

"Lean times," Quaine explained and although there was truth to the remark he had been stealing from the Cold Hammers ever since they had hired him and up 'til now they'd been unaware of his subterfuge.

"I might just inspect your kit bag after this raid highwayman," Grenwald promised darkly, an evil glint in his one good eye.

"Grenwald, I am hurt," Quaine began, feigning offence, "I hope you're not suggesting..."

The pistol in Quaine's lap exploded with all the suddenness of a thunderbolt, thick, grey gun smoke coughed from the barrel in an ephemeral death pall, the highwayman's steed jerking suddenly as the road dipped and sank. Grenwald lost most of his left cheek and the other eye as his face became a red ruin.

"Sigmar in whore's boots!" Quaine cried, turning quickly to Berak, who watched as Grenwald was pitched off his horse, his body bumping down the road like a broken doll, his bloody head leaving gore stains in the muck, as his steed bolted into the forbidden forest dark.

"Did you see that? It just went off as if poor Grenwald's stars were marked for death," Quaine remarked with shock but his eyes held an inner malice and intent that wasn't lost on Berak.

The Middenheimer nodded meekly and drove on, resolving to deal with Quaine later when he didn't have his pistols.

Quaine's return smile was dark and meaningful.

"There," he said, "the fork is ahead".

Another shot boomed, closer this time as the Marienburger slowly found his mark.

"His aim is improving," Quaine quipped, loading his pistol whilst riding. Shot prepared, he pulled another from his belt. Thus armed and using the stirrups to guide his horse, he shot into the trees to the right of the stage, spooking the draft animals that dragged left, instinctively forcing the coach down the left fork where Berak's men awaited it. A second shot struck the determined pistolier on the coach in the neck, a gout of blood spraying over the carriage and driver. He was flung from the stage then crushed as the left hand wheels rode over his body, grinding him like paste into the earth, his tattered yellow blazer the colour of blood and filth as his broken body lay twisted like snapped kindling.

Quaine and Berak now drove on, closing the gap they had maintained since the



beginning, secretly urging the driver on to yet more hazardous speeds. Loading and firing in a blur, Quaine fired unrelenting iron rain upon the carriage and about the horses, spooking them further with the stink of blood and black powder. Another warrior appeared out of a window with a pistol crossbow and fired ineffectively into the dark. Quaine shot off the man's finger and the pistol crossbow fell into the murky road being churned by heavy shod wheels and horse hooves alike.

The driver flashed back increasingly urgent glances, fear and panic holding him in their numbing grasp. He didn't notice the heavy spiked log dragged into his path by four bulky Middenheimers hefting a thick, iron chain. They were cloaked too and moved like shadows in the gloom. It was almost upon him when he realised the trap was sprung.

Dragging the reins hard, Claudane did all he could to prevent disaster.

"That idiot," Quaine chided, he'll crash the thrice-damned thing. It was meant to slow it not upend it!"

The stagecoach crashed into the barrier with all the force of ten thousand hammers, the sickening crunch of wood and bone and the whining of dying beasts rent the feral night like a dire warning.

Claudane had reigned in desperately but the coach pulled into a tight angle, bucking and skidding as it went. One beast was gored down the flanks, torn apart as if by talons, the other was jerked violently in its harness, its neck snapping like rotten firewood. A coach wheel was ripped from its bearings, shattering in spiky fragments, most of the left side torn away and battered like paper. The coach skidded to an uneasy halt, great thick grooves drawn into the earth as if in a fallow field. The coachman was flung from his vantage point, he had wrapped the leather reins tightly about his wrist to ensure they didn't slip. It held as he flew into the dark, dragged back like some infernal child's toy, the force of the crash very nearly tearing his arm from its socket as he bung down the front of the stage mewling in pain like a dying marionette with all but its final string cut.

"Now the coach is mine," Quaine muttered, a little too loudly as Berak was prompted to retort

"You mean 'Ours', Highwayman."



"Of course, dear boy," he corrected with an uneasy smile, spurring his steed onward.

Quaine was reining his horse in, scant feet from the wreck when a voice boomed suddenly from the dark.

"VINCENT QUAIN!" it cried with enraged gusto.

"Oh Sigmar," Quaine whispered, diving from his steed as a thick crossbow bolt thudded into the side of the stage about where his head had just been, splinters flying. "It's D'Garratt"

A figure came riding through the gloom. He was distant but his voice carried like a thunder crack. He was riding at speed, a broad crossbow in his grasp, nursed easily like a slumbering tot. Quaine could make out the silhouette of his nemesis against the wan moon like a fell shadow.

It wouldn't take D'Garratt long to reload.

"Svennson, Krebb, mount up and take that roadwarden down, he'll be reloading," Berak ordered, noting the worry in Quaine's eyes.

Berak's mercenaries nodded and dragged their horses from where they had been concealed and rode out to the roadwarden swinging their axes as they went.

There was a crack and Svennson fell from his horse, a bolt lodged in his belly as he bled all over his breeches, his stomach like a punctured flask.

Krebb looked on, horrified at the speed which this man was rearming and drove his horse on harder. He was a few feet from him, swinging his axe in a death arc.



"I'll split ya..." were Krebb's last words as his face was smashed to a pulp by a hefty swing from the roadwarden's hammer. D'Garrat rode past silently as he swung his gore-splattered weapon back into its harness, blood and gore erupted in his wake.



He was reloading again.

"Praise Ulric," Berak breathed, "Take cover!" he ordered his remaining two men and then, "Where do ya think you're going, whelp?"

Quaine threw another sackful of loot upon his steed, taking advantage of the confusion. There was a bagful of gems liberated from the dead and dying in his left hand when Berak turned to him

"The better part of valour," Quaine explained, remounting, and then he shot Berak in the chest with his pistol.

Quaine rode like the Ruinous powers were at his heels. He heard a third snap and crack of D'Garratt's crossbow and knew another Middenheimer was dead

Then a fourth.

Quaine was alone.

Bolting with all the frantic abandon of a madman, Quaine turned and ducked as

D'Garratt's crossbow bolt 'thwitted' past his ear.

The Roadwarden looked almost possessed as he gave chase, his long stained coat flapping wildly in the breeze, haunted shadows around his eyes cast by the wide-brimmed hat upon his head, week-old stubble peppering his chin like gunpowder. He was stern and unrelenting - he wouldn't give up. He was gaining too and by Sigmar, could he ride!

Quaine slipped a dagger from his boot and cut the loot free from its tethers. His heart sank as it bounded down the road, coins and trinkets scattering but with the lightened load he could outrun D'Garratt and turning in the saddle shot a pistol at his pursuer to deter him further but D'Garratt had already slowed and didn't flinch when the shot resounded about his head. He just peered through the smoke, his icy glare penetrating Quaine's soul. He pointed a gauntleted finger in the highwayman's direction, marking him.



At that moment, Quaine knew they would meet again.

"Just not too soon, eh!" he quipped nervously to himself.



Quaine holds up the Stage while D'Garratt gallops to the rescue...





Highwayman



Roaming the woods and secluded byways of the Empire, highwaymen prey on the many coaches and wagons foolish or desperate enough to travel there. These are dark and dangerous men, often employed for their knowledge of cargo charters and skill at ambush. Oft they appear to the naked eye, bereft of their blackened garb, as foppish, charming characters, but that ruse is a genteel masquerade as their cruelty and viciousness will testify. Deadly pistoliers and expert riders, they are an asset to any warband but watch your back, for they are untrustworthy, self-serving men.

Hire Fee: 35 gold crowns to hire + 20 gold crowns upkeep

May be Hired: Any warband, except Sisters of Sigmar and any 'good-aligned Elves' may hire a Highwayman. A Highwayman will never join a warband that also contains a Roadwarden.

Rating: A Highwayman increases the warband's rating by +20 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Highwayman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Brace of pistols, rapier (p.84 Mordheim Annual), cloak (acts as a buckler in close combat) and dagger. If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Highwayman also rides a horse. When the Highwayman is mounted, he has a save of 6+, on foot he has no armour save.

Skills: A Highwayman may choose from Combat, Shooting and Speed skills when he gains a new skill

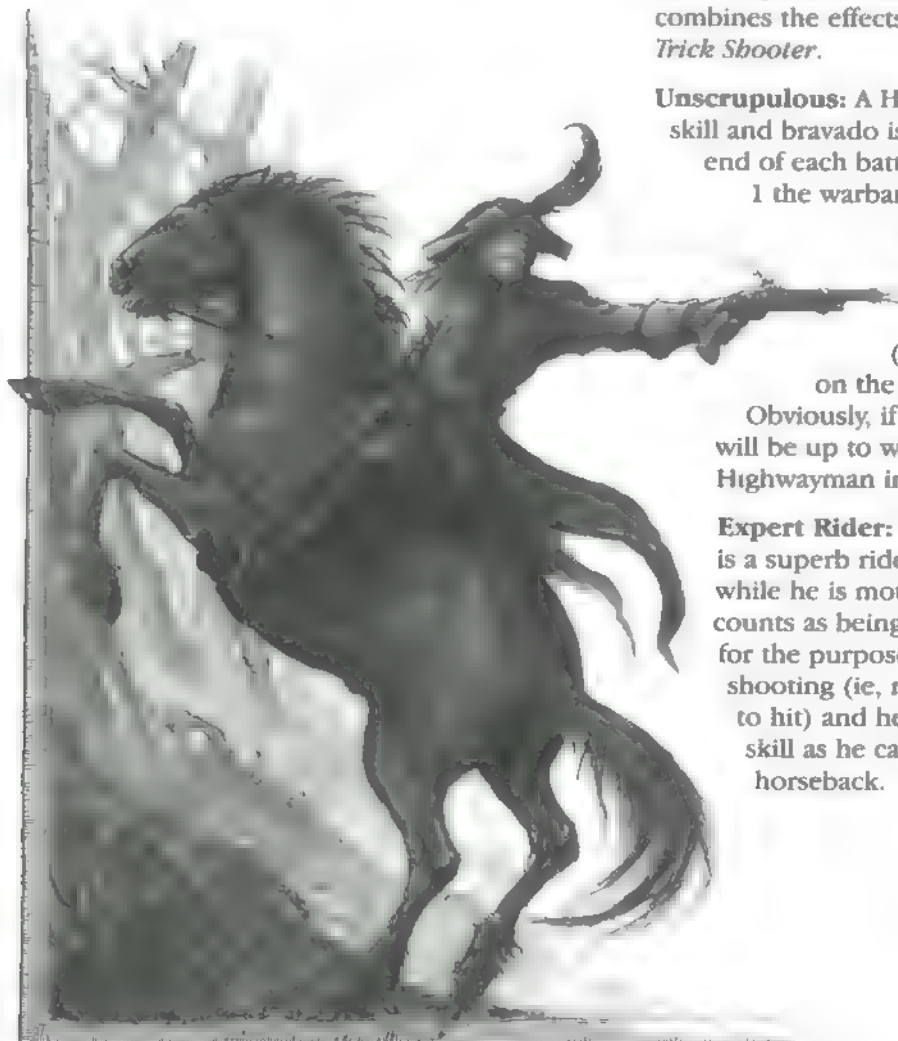
SPECIAL RULES

Expert pistolier: A Highwayman's skill with a brace of pistols is unrivalled and as such he combines the effects of the skills *Pistolier* and *Trick Shooter*.

Unscrupulous: A Highwayman despite all his skill and bravado is not to be trusted. At the end of each battle roll a D6, on a roll of a 1 the warband receives 1 less piece of treasure than they would normally as the Highwayman has stolen it for himself (this treasure is not spent on the Highwayman, it is lost!).

Obviously, if this keeps happening it will be up to warband leader to keep the Highwayman in his employ or not...

Expert Rider: A Highwayman is a superb rider and as such while he is mounted he counts as being stationary for the purposes of shooting (ie, no -1 modifier to hit) and he also benefits from the skill as he can reload quickly whilst on horseback.





Roadwarden



Patrolling the fraught and dangerous highways of the Empire, Roadwardens are dour men of the sternest courage. Solitary figures, they range far and wide, often with little food and in all weathers. They are hardened and brutal fighters, uncompromising and without any martial code, they give no quarter as they expect none to be given in return. Their skill lies with the crossbow, with which they are excellent hunters and deadly marksmen. Highwaymen, deviants and bandits are their common quarry, safety of the roadways their charge and they execute both with deliberate and unswerving severity.

Hire Fee: 40 gold crowns to hire + 20 gold crowns upkeep

May be Hired: Any Good-aligned warband may hire a Roadwarden such as Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, Dwarfs and Human Mercenaries. A Roadwarden will never join a warband that also contains a Highwayman.

Rating: A Roadwarden increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Roadwarden	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	8
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Crossbow, horseman's hammer (p.14 Town Cryer 24), dagger, heavy armour and three torches (p.14 Town Cryer 24). If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Roadwarden also rides a horse. The Roadwarden's save is 4+ whilst mounted and 5+ whilst on foot.

Skills: A Roadwarden may choose from Combat, Strength and Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Lethal marksman: A master with the crossbow, a Roadwarden combines the skills of *Trick Shooter* and *Eagle Eyes*.

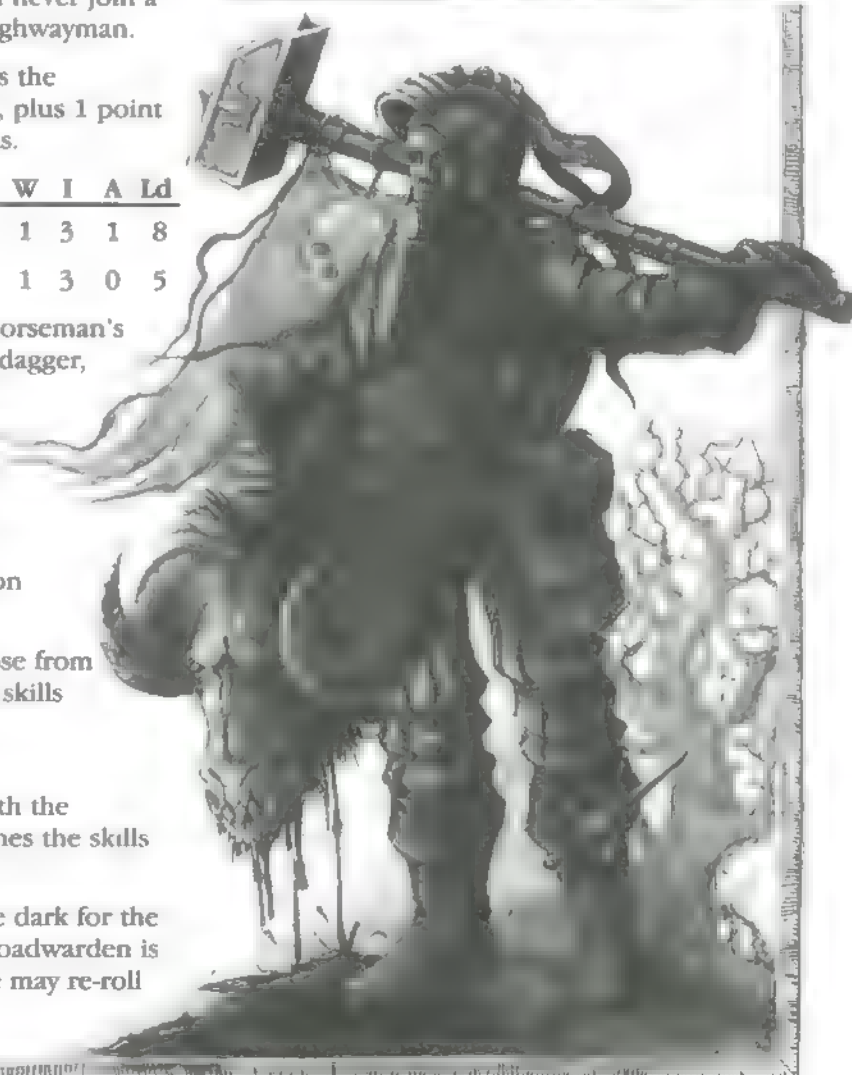
Stern: Working alone and in the dark for the majority of his profession the Roadwarden is made of strong stuff indeed. He may re-roll

any failed Leadership test for *panic*, *fear* and is immune to the rules for being *All Alone*.

Expert Rider: A highly skilled horseman, a Roadwarden counts as having the *Nimble* skill whilst on horseback and suffers no modifiers for moving and shooting.

STAGECOACHES

Both Highwaymen and Roadwardens are particularly suited to battles involving stagecoaches, wagons, etc. To represent this in any scenario in which one or both sides have a stagecoach or a wagon, any Highwayman or Roadwarden in either warband may re-roll a single dice roll once per turn. This special bonus lasts until the re-rolled dice comes up as a 1 as it is designed to represent their ability to predict and perform at their peak in familiar and well-practiced territory.



Gangs of Nordheim

*Rogue Captain
Helmgartt Shard
sucked up a great gulp
of sea air that filled his
lungs and leant shape to his
mighty chest.*

His ship, for he had taken it and its crew, The Irrepressible, surged through the eager waves that spat tendrils of white foam across its bows, with an effortless grace that belied its true bulk and power.

As a warship, The Irrepressible boasted sixteen guns, great cannons, from prow to stern, arranged port and starboard. They were the Captain's pride, polished and maintained to absolute perfection. Even if the world was slipping into the pits of hell, his ship would do so in pristine order. His faith in the guns was ironclad even if his faith in the Lord Sigmar was not. These were testing

times, and the patron of the Empire's icon rested heavily about Shard's neck, a sigil of a tarnished god.

He had named all sixteen cannons: Smite and Hellfyre were his favourites. Shard ruled with a cold severity that matched the lustre of his cannons and was such that none of the Imperial deserters that made up his crew would dare disobey his orders or mutiny.

As Helmgartt peered through the breaking sunlight, the land of the Empire, his home, albeit split in three, confronted him, a shape; a dot – nothing more, invaded the glorious vista. Gaining in size by the moment, Shard realised, as his crew busied themselves about him on the deck, that it was a bird, a carrier hawk.

"Monkey, gauntlet!" he bellowed and in moments a boy appeared darting through the throng to his Captain, bearing a thick, leather gauntlet.

Shard took it without gratitude and hauled the long glove over his left hand and forearm.

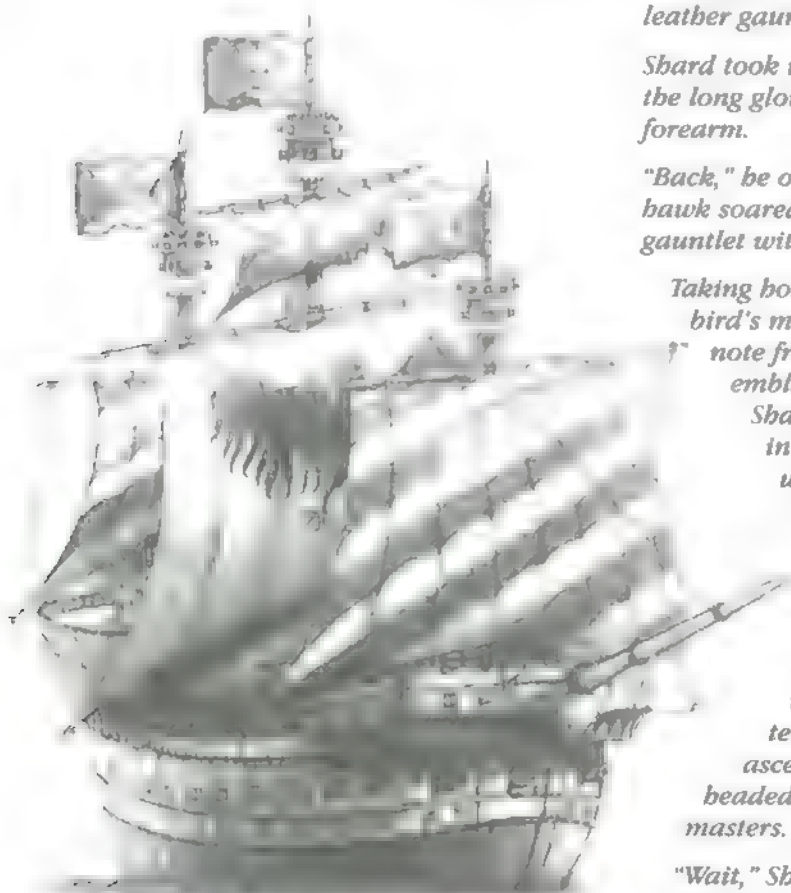
"Back," he ordered, upraising his arm as the hawk soared down to the deck to clutch the gauntlet with its powerful claws.


Taking hold of its tethers and ensuring the bird's muzzle was tight, Shard unpicked a note from the hawk's ankle. It bore the emblazoned mark of his patron, for Shard had long since chosen a side in the struggle for power, his stolen warship lending considerably to his prestige.

"Course set for Marienburg Captain!" called Siegfran, the first mate.

Shard held up his hand, reading quickly then let slip the tethers from his grasp, the hawk ascended back into the heavens and beaded for land to rejoin its courtly masters.

"Wait," Shard ordered, eyes back on the horizon. Slipping off the glove and handing it to Monkey he slid a long gilt telescope from the breast pocket of his naval jacket,





festooned as it was with medals, celebratory regalia and gold threaded filigree. It was a mockery now, of an Imperial order that was failing and that might at any time collapse completely.

"Word from our generous benefactor," he said, voice tinged with derision. "There is a change of course," Shard uttered, through the spyglass he could make out a dark pall of smoke, thick and black. His face hardened and he felt the Sigmarite sigil upon his chest burn with righteousness. Briefly, he thought about the comet crashing down upon that blighted place and what it had become as a result, questioning, and not for the first time, the will of his Lord.

"Make course for Mordheim, weigh anchor at gun range," he ordered. "Our master has plans for us."

"It seems the dogs are rioting," he muttered to himself but loud enough for most to hear. He would wipe that pestilent scum from the very tainted earth they stood upon. There was something in the city that his master desired,

but the warring gang factions made retrieval 'complicated'. He would 'remove' that complication. A battalion of mercenary gunners laid in wait once Shard's work was done and the guns had ceased to crash and the smoke was all but spent. They would search the area for the 'artefact' his master desired. If they were the rapier incising into the city then he was the broadsword that would level it.

"Once in range," he ordered, snapping the telescope shut, gaze never wavering. "Fire up Smite and Hellfyre," he said with belligerent relish. "We earn our hireling gold this day!"

"A taste of sixteen guns will quell their fervour," he promised darkly, beneath his breath. He could already smell the blood and gun smoke...



Battle On The Blood Soaked Streets...

The grim battles upon the cold stone streets of Mordheim are fought of a many-splintered volition. Wyrdstone, the precious mineral that draws hapless adventurers and madmen alike is a seductive flame that lures these eager moths to their own destruction but there is more at stake here than the mere acquisition of treasure. Power is the desire that rules the hearts of all selfish men and power is obtained through the earth, the staking of territory, alliances forged and lost, these are the things that influence the balance of power in the dark city.

Often warbands of a similar mind or creed will band together to assert their dominance, their stake on the disputed territories of the city, usually where the bounty is at its greatest. Middenheimers with Middenheimers, Reiklanders with Reiklanders - warbands of brothers united in the destruction of their enemies. These 'hordes' as they are known, take to the streets to purge would-be usurpers of their power and territory - only for their rivals to reciprocate with their own allegiances, when blood and heritage draws warriors together and the desire of a common goal bonds them rather than some uneasy pact.

These are battles akin to that on the fields of war due to the sheer numbers of warriors involved in the carnage. They are curiously honourable affairs where the master of the horde, the leader, challenges a rival for the right to the disputed territories. These are bloody and fierce battles, a feud or some deep grudge fuelling anger and hate, unleashed in a boiling cauldron of violence and death...

The Horde Rule - an academic treatise
by the Master Scribe of Altdorf, Nicodemus

Fighting Horde Battles in Mordheim

Inspired by the graphic battle scenes in the movie *Gangs of New York*, this article presents rules for players to fight mass conflicts in Mordheim. Imagine the warriors meet at a pre-determined time and place; possibly a large square or open plaza and fight it out for the right to control a territory.

The rules presented here are more of a guide with a few added special rules to represent the unique nature of the conflict. I would encourage players to utilise them as part of a large campaign that might present a fitting finale or add to the campaign narrative. The rules are slightly different to that of multiplayer games as described in the excellent *Chaos on the Streets* (p.26 Mordheim Annual) as the warbands are allied together because of their race or homeland, and as such uneasy allegiances are not forged or broken.



When players wish to fight a horde battle or a gathering, the following guidelines are recommended:

1. Use three to six warbands of exactly the same race and creed. These will be standard warbands with their own Captains, Heroes, Henchmen, etc. Therefore Reiklanders will only fight with other Reiklanders, Possessed, with other Possessed and so on. There are two ways to form a gathering. Firstly, players may simply ally their warbands together (usually as part of a campaign setting) or for one-off battles players may simply wish to generate three to six warbands of the same type and fight it out against another opponent.
2. Hired Swords and Dramatis Personae are permitted but should be used sparingly, this is meant to be a blood-debt or vengeance pact after all!
3. The fighting hordes have been drawn into this mass battle united by their anger and hatred against their enemy. At the start of any gathering, roll a D6 on the table below to discover how this bitter enmity manifests itself. These rules apply to all warriors on both sides.

D6 Roll Psychology

- 1 **Grudge** – Although bearing a dark and long standing grudge, this has no effect upon the warriors who will fight as normal.
- 2 **Hated foes** – Both hordes are affected by the rules for *Hatred* towards each other.
- 3 **Battle fever** – Both hordes are affected by the rules for *frenzy*.
- 4 **Insane rage** – both hordes will always charge if possible and may re-roll all missed rolls to hit in close combat.
- 5 **No surrender** – Neither warband makes any Rout tests. They will fight to the death.
- 6 **Give no mercy** – Both hordes add +1 to Injury rolls.

Note: If using these rules as part of a campaign then these psychological effects will only apply for the gathering. Warbands fighting against Reiklanders for example and suffering from *frenzy* will not be affected by *frenzy* against Reiklanders in other battles.



4. Each horde must be led by a Horde Leader, the individual who is strong enough to bind the warbands together and forge an alliance. The Horde Leader is the warband Captain with the highest Leadership. If several characters have the highest Leadership then players can decide which is the Horde Leader amongst themselves or roll for it, with the highest roll choosing. The Horde Leader's Leadership may be used by all the warbands in the gathering as well as individual warbands using their Captain's own Leadership but also counts as having the skill Battle Tongue such is his presence and importance.
5. The sheer numbers of unruly warriors and the utter chaos that manifests at such battles mean they will often be bloody and battle-cramped affairs, warriors knocked down or stunned may be crushed to death before they have time to rise as fresh warriors trample them in their eagerness to get to the foe. Any warrior that is knocked down or stunned presents no obstacle to

movement. Further more, other warriors will not leap over or move around them, rather if another warrior moves over a prone model the injured warrior is trampled and suffers a Strength 2 hit which could result in further injury. As more and more warriors get knocked down as the battle draws on, the street will become cluttered with these prone figures and it is entirely possible that in the course of charging an enemy, a warrior will trample over several other warriors.

Note: The scenario over the page is based upon a collaboration of the two street battles depicted in the movie *Gangs of New York*. It can be used as a template for players that wish to fight their own horde battles but do not wish to use the forces described below. Players may also wish to omit the special rules concerning the Mercenary Captain's bombardment and arrival of the Mercenary handgunners as this again was included with the movie's narrative in mind.



Gathering of the Horde

The ancient rivalry between the Reikland Reavers and the Puritan Sect dates back many years. These two warbands have been at odds ever since the first of their dubious orders set foot upon the accursed soil of Mordheim. Blood debts are outstanding, revenge pacts still owing and a raging scroll of dark deeds and threatened recompense exists staked to the rotten beam of the gibbet in Executioner's Square. Fitting then that these two bitter enemies should meet again at that very place to battle for supremacy of this part of the city... Little do they realise however that the Rogue Imperial warship, the Irrepressible, has weighed anchor and its captain means to quell their riotous ambition with a burst of cannon fire, leaving the way open to plunder whatever clandestine artefacts lie within...

Terrain


The battle is fought on a 4' x 4' table. Players should take it in turns to arrange ruined buildings, temples, walls, etc, around the edges of the tables but no building should encroach more than 6" from the table edge to ensure there is a large clear area in the centre of the table for the battle to take place. In the very centre of the table there is a gibbet or statue surrounded by a low wall or wooden fence roughly 6" x 6".

Special Rules

Captain Helmgartt Shard means to act upon his orders to flatten the clashing warbands so the rest of his master's mercenary forces can secure the square. He is guided by the gathering smoke from fires lit in the city as a destructive preamble to the battle. The

warbands will be blissfully unaware of Shard's orders but as soon as the battle reaches its seventh turn, roll a D6 at the start of that turn and each turn thereafter and consult the table below to discover when the

Rogue Imperial forces arrive and Shard begins his cannonade.



Turn	Roll	Cannonade begins	Imperial forces arrive
7	6+	✓	
8	5+	✓	
9	4+	✓	✓
10	3+	✓	✓
11	Automatic	✓	✓

When Shard's cannonade begins, he fires into the very heart of the battle. D6+3 'mortar shots' strike the battlefield. Players roll a D6 each with the highest roll placing the first mortar blast and then take it in turns to place further mortar blasts on the field (or if you have an independent arbitrator they will place all the templates). Once placed, roll a Scatter dice for each blast, a 'hit' indicates the blast hits that precise position, otherwise move the template D6 inches in the direction of the arrow rolled. Each blast has a diameter of 2" (use the Mortar template from Warhammer) and causes a Strength 3 hit against a model under the template and a Strength 6 hit against the model directly under the centre of the blast. All these attacks have an extra -1 save modifier.

The rogue forces are a small regiment of sixteen handgunners ordered to mop up any survivors or persistent rioters and then search the square for the artefact. The handgunners move in from the east table edge (players should agree a direction for north at the start of the battle) and are placed 8" in from the table edge but cannot move on the turn they arrive but are able to shoot immediately. Players take it in turns to control the handgunners, dicing off to see who controls them first and the Imperial soldiers fit into the turn sequence before both players have their turns. The handgunners are a regimented formation and so each one must remain within 1" of another at all times, moving closer to do so if necessary. Furthermore, they do not block line of sight for their comrades as they are well drilled at shooting in ranks. In order to maintain a steady rate of fire, only half of the handgunners fire each turn, allowing the remainder to shoot in the following turn.



Warbands

Each player rolls a D6, with the highest roll setting his warband up first. Warbands may be set up within 18" of the table edge but no closer than 12" to the east or west edges to ensure they cannot set up models within buildings.

Dramatis Personae

Two Dramatis Personae have been pre-generated to represent the Horde Masters for this scenario.

Dirk 'Cleaver' Halstadt

Dirk is a Reikland Captain and the Horde Master of the Reavers. He is a battle-hardened man, losing an eye in a battle with his arch-nemesis - the Witch Hunter, Priest Valnor, Horde Master of the Puritan Sect. He now sports a glass replacement with a black Reikland eagle in lieu of a pupil. Dirk is uncompromising, fierce and merciless. He is not without honour though and will seldom stab a 'worthy adversary' in the back, preferring to humble his enemies face-to-face and witness the fear in their eyes as he drives his blade deep.

Profile	M	WS	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dirk 'Cleaver'	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	9

Weapons/armour: Cleaver (counts as an axe but with a +1 Strength modifier), sword, helmet.

Skills: *Step aside, combat master, resilient, fearsome.*

SPECIAL RULE

Destiny: Dirk is fated to meet his erstwhile enemy, Priest Valnor, in battle. As such Dirk has a special save of 2+ if he is reduced to his last wound. Dirk somehow manages to avoid the killing blow or dodge the fatal strike as his opponent slips. Once he is in combat with Valnor, any attacks from the Priest ignore Dirk's special save.

Priest Valnor

An honourable, utterly devout man, Priest Valnor is the Horde Master of the Puritan Sect. His code is black and white, he will suffer no abomination nor would-be infiltrator of what he believes is the property and right of Sigmar. His arch-nemesis is Dirk 'Cleaver' Halstadt. The two have fought on many occasions, their last encounter leaving Dirk without an eye...

Profile	M	WS	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priest Valnor	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	9

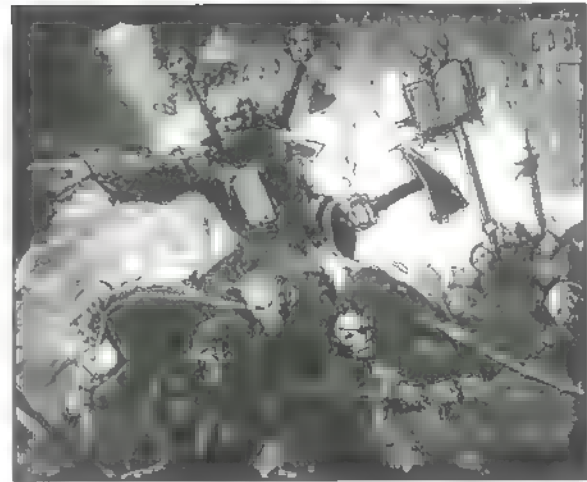
Weapons/armour: Blessed warhammer (also counts as a Holy Relic), sword, light armour, holy tome

Skills: *Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure.*

Prayers: The Hammer of Sigmar, Armour of Righteousness.

SPECIAL RULE

Destiny: Valnor is fated to meet his erstwhile enemy, Dirk 'Cleaver' Halstadt, in battle. As such Valnor has a special save of 2+ if he is reduced to his last wound. Valnor somehow



manages to avoid the killing blow or dodge the fatal strike as his opponent slips. Once he is in combat with Dirk, any attacks from him ignore Valnor's special save.

Starting the game

Each player rolls a D6 - with the highest roll taking the first turn.

Ending the game

The game ends when either Dirk or Valnor is taken out of action - at which point the victorious warband assumes control of Executioner's Square. Neither warband will rout until the Imperial bombardment begins at which point if they have lost enough warriors (add up the respective warbands collectively) they must make a Rout test. Note that a failed rout test will result in a mass retreat, ie, all the warbands horded together will rout. The game also ends when a warband routs

Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning leaders. The leaders of the warbands on the winning side gain +1 Experience each.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts out of action.

+2 Horde Leader Out of Action. Any Hero earns +2 Experience for putting the Horde Leader Out of Action.

Author's note: Although the aftermath of the battle is not represented here, ie, the handgunners searching the ruins for the artefact, there is no reason why players can't devise a follow-up scenario that tells this 'story' and who knows, maybe there will be a follow-up scenario to this effect...

Campaigns

The rules for horde battles are intended to be used in campaigns as well as being an exciting one-off battle as a slight diversion from the usual Mordheim rules. I would encourage players to use the above rules as a guide and devise their own inter-campaign narratives to include these large battles. The rules were devised with this proviso in mind and I was also keen to explore the idea of mass conflicts in Mordheim involving 40 to 60 models each side.

Finally, as well as the scenario presented above, there are a few ideas that follow on other scenarios that players can develop for horde battles.

Storm the Bastion

A gathering of warbands is holed up in an ancient ruined tower in the centre of Mordheim. As the sun dips below the brooding clouds, a great roar erupts from the encroaching darkness as a rival gathering descends upon the bastion intent on sacking it...

Essentially, this is a kind of siege battle but without stout defences. The walls will have holes in them and the defenders will probably only have rubble to throw at their enemies, while the attackers will make use of grappling irons and perhaps a few ladders to storm the walls. Victory would go to the player with the most models within the boundary of the walls at the end of a pre-determined turn limit. In a

campaign the tower could be a special objective, containing a wyrdstone mine, ancient circle or treasure vault.

Across the Bridge

Two warband hordes meet across a mighty river that runs through the city filled with all manner of taint and effluence. The battlefield is treacherous - with the sheer press of bodies upon the massive bridge that spans the river warriors can easily lose their footing or be pitched into the watery gloom beneath...

This battle presents a large hazard that the hordes will battle over. Rules could be included to represent players being pushed over the edge of the bridge and the effects of the tainted water on them after the battle (some kind of Special Injury table, maybe they get washed downriver or develop a Chaos mutation - this would be particularly interesting in a campaign battle). There is also scope to add a special rule for disturbing a beast in the water, its flailing tentacles reaching out sporadically to ensnare unwary warriors to drag them to a watery doom.

Hopefully, these suggestions have sparked a few ideas for horde battles and their inclusion in regular games of Mordheim as part of a campaign or merely one-off battles. I also hope it has demonstrated how movies and stories can generate exciting ideas to develop your own scenarios and games with only a modicum of special rules.





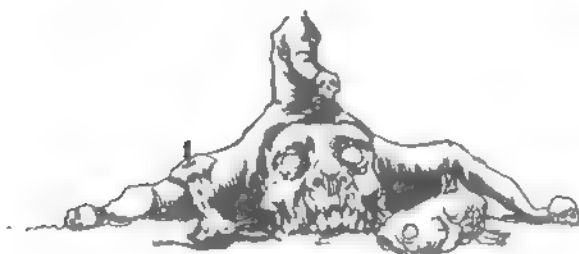
CONTACTS PAGE

COMING SOON...

Mordheim Carnival of Chaos
Necromunda Redeemer & Malekev
Battlefleet Gothic Tau Explorer Class
Warmaster Bloodletters, Flesh Hounds
Blood Bowl Undead Cheerleaders

EVENTS CALENDAR

Games Day Los Angeles 30-31 May 2003
Games Day Baltimore 20-21st June 2003
Conflict Bristol 29th June 2003
Shadow of Chaos (Inq BFG) 5-6th July 2003



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All our games have great websites
full of free downloads, resources
and up-to-date news.
www.BloodBowl.com
www.Mordheim.com
www.Epic40000.com
www.Necromunda.com
www.Warmaster.co.uk
www.BattlefleetGothic.com
www.Exterminatus.com
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Catalogue

These pages comprise a complete listing of all the models and printed material available for Mordheim. Just get in touch with your local GW Mail Order department or visit the GW website:

www.games-workshop.com to find out prices and how to order.

Boxed Sets & Mags

Mordheim boxed game
Mordheim 2002 annual
Town Cryer magazine
Blood on the Streets (building pack)
Human Mercenaries (8 figures)
Skaven Warphunters (10 figures)
Undead Warband (9 figures)
Witch Hunter Warband (8 figures)
Possessed Warband (7 figures)
Sisters of Sigmar Warband (8 figures)
Stage Coach (complete kit)

Amazons

Priestess (1 figures + weapon sprue)
Champion (2 figures + weapon sprue)
Totem Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)
Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)

Averlanders

Human Mercenaries (3 figures)

Dramatis Personae

Aenur, Sword of Twilight
Bertha Bestraufung
Johann the Knife
Nicodemus
Marianna Chevaux, Vampiress Assassin
Ulli & Marquand (2 figures)
Veskit, High Executioner
The Town Cryer

Dwarf Treasure Hunters

Noble (1 figures + weapon sprue)
Champion (Engineer or Troll Slayer)
(1 figures + weapon sprue)
Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)
Beardlings (2 figures + weapon sprue)

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Pit Fighter
Roadwarden (2 figures)
Warlock

Kislevites

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Captain or Champion
(1 figure + weapon blister)
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Marienburgers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Middenheimers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Ostlanders

Human Mercenaries with double-handed weapons (3 figures)
Human Mercenaries with missile weapons (3 figures)

The Possessed

Beastmen (3 figures)
Possessed
Magister
Dark Soul
Brethren (3 figures)

Reiklanders

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Shadow Warriors

Shadow Master
Warriors with bows (3 figures)
Warriors Command (2 figures)
Warriors with swords (2 figures)

Sisters of Sigmar

Sisters (3 figures)
Augur
Matriarch
Sister Superior
Novices (2 figures)

Skaven Warphunters

Assassin Master
Black Skaven
Night Runners (2 figures)
Clan Eshin Sorcerer
Rat Ogre

Undead

Vampire
Necromancer
Human Dregs (2 figures)

Witch Hunters

Sigmarite Warrior Priest
Witch Hunter
Captain
Zealots (2 figures)
Flagellants (2 figures)
Warhounds (3 figures)

Maint per Wagon...

By Mark Latham

Travel in the Empire

Travel between the mighty cities of the Empire is neither easy nor safe. The areas immediately around large urban centres are ordered, cultivated and generally free of brigands, but even here there is risk involved – the condition of the roads is extremely poor. Beyond the immediate environs of larger cities, the countryside is far more dangerous. Settled farms give way to lone homesteads and fields succumb to areas of moorland, forest and bog. These areas are relatively lawless, and being so vast it is hard to root out bandits and the other creatures that prey upon the road user.



Roads

The cities of the Empire are linked by main roads built and maintained by the cities and towns, but paid for mostly by the road toll. This was first instituted by Emperor Wilhelm the Wise and then co-ordinated by the officials of each of the Elector Counts. Unfortunately, not all the money raised by the tolls gets spent on the roads as they all are heavily potholed and even in places have sunk or been completely washed away. It is not unheard of for unscrupulous toll collectors to charge for places where there have never been any roads...

Most towns lie directly on the route of these roads or are at least linked to them via a sidetrack. Even the main roads are often narrow, rough and in such a poor state of repair as to be unusable. They are constructed from cobblestones laid over a foundation of sand and rubble, though where the land is boggy, they might rest on wooden causeways and deep piles sunk into the ground.

Roads are usually just wide enough for two wagons or coaches to pass, but where the road is especially narrow, special passing places are sometimes provided.

Tracks

The roads only run between the major settlements and so travel elsewhere is nigh on

impossible for wagons and coaches. The only other defined routes between settlements are just well-worn pathways, little better than dirt tracks. These are reasonably safe during daylight hours and in good weather but are rarely traversed at night. In wet weather, and especially during winter, tracks become entirely impassable to wheeled traffic.

Toll Gates

Tollgates usually take the form of small wooden booths with a gate across the road at the side of major roads. Because of the danger inherent deep in the wilderness of the Empire the majority of these gates are found either in or near towns and villages, and are guarded by roadwardens – tireless defenders of the Empire's highways. Tolls can vary drastically depending upon the region and the corruption of officials more so than the state of the roads the toll is supposed to maintain.

The Imperial Stage

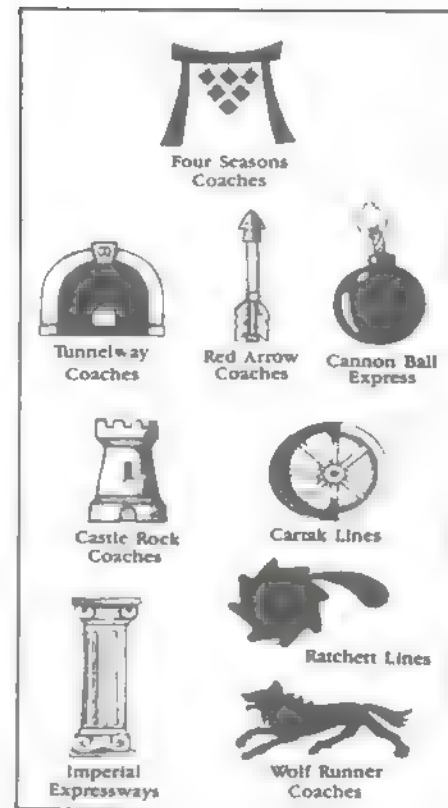
Most citizens of the Empire forced to endure the hardship of travelling use wagons and coaches. Wagons are generally privately owned and then most often by the rural folk who use them to bring their ware to sell in the marketplaces of the towns. There are many independent coaching companies, based in the major cities such as Altdorf, Nuln, Middenheim, etc. Despite being independently run, companys coaches are often referred to simply as the Imperial stage. Coaches can run quite frequently between the larger cities and towns and are generally fairly reliable, especially on the more commonly used highways that are often well-patrolled by the roadwardens. The most common type of coach employed is a huge lumbering affair with plenty of space on top for luggage and room for half a dozen or so passengers inside. Coachmen are akin to roadwardens, a hardy breed, well used to the rigours of outdoor life and the dangers it throws at them. Coachmen are often well-armed with blunderbuss and handgun for the roads of the Empire are riven with bandits, beastmen and worse



Coaching Houses

The roads of the Empire are well served by numerous coaching houses. The majority of these are part of the Coaching Guild, one of the immensely powerful trading conglomerates of the Empire. The coaching houses make vast amounts of money ferrying passengers, goods and mail from town to town. Often because of heightened bandit activity, coaching houses put a lot of gold crowns towards the running of each province's compliment of roadwardens. Indeed, in some rural backwaters, the roadwardens don't answer to the local nobility but to the representatives of the coaching house that pays their wages!

There are many famous coaching houses within the Empire, notably Four Seasons Coaches which is rapidly expanding its operation from its base in Altdorf. Other important coaching lines include Cartak Lines and Rachett Lines of Altdorf, Cannonball Express and Imperial Expressways of Nuln, Red Arrow Coaches of Averheim, Wolf Runner Coaches and Castle Rock Coaches of Middenheim and Tunnelway Coaches of Talabheim. Just recently the Flying Horse Line from Mordheim reportedly went bust!



There are also hundreds of smaller coach lines that run between the less important towns and villages of the Empire.



Painting the Stagecoach

The Stagecoach is one of the nicest models I've had the good fortune to paint in ages, and I really tried to put in that little extra effort to compliment it well. Before sticking it together, I carefully worked out how it all fitted, and sketched out a few conversion ideas for the baggage. I constructed the entire model before painting it rather than paint the different parts individually. I find this makes the conversions easier, but does mean you have to be more careful whilst painting.

The baggage was put together solely from components from the Mordheim Human Accessory sprue (available from GW Mail Order). The chest was put in position first, and the other bits and pieces were arranged around it. A piece of household twine was used to act as a strap.

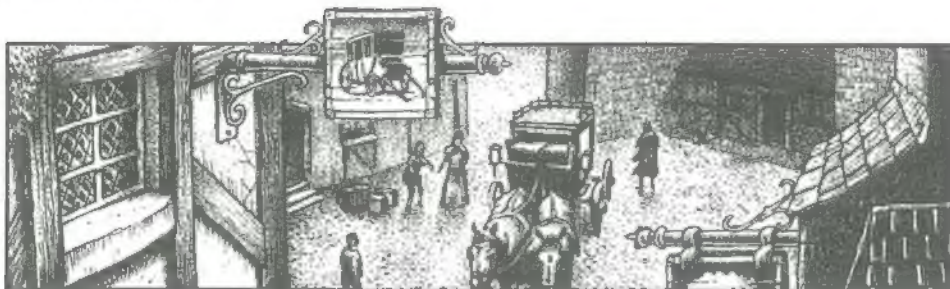
Before I began painting, I spent a lot of time thinking about how I wanted the piece to look. I was aiming for a well-worn, weather-beaten coach, which has been on the road for years, carrying commercial passengers from town to town. The painted livery of the stage company that owns the coach would be faded and peeling, while the garments of the coachman would be drab and sturdy. For the

paint schemes themselves, I took a lot of inspiration from Mark Jones's work on the original studio Mordheim scenery.

The Coach

The coach and all the wood, baggage and leather bits were base coated with an equal parts mix of *Chaos Black* and *Scorched Brown*. This was drybrushed (with a big brush) with *Scorched Brown*. I applied about five other drybrush stages, adding *Fortress Grey* to the *Scorched Brown* in increasingly lighter coats. The final highlight made the coach a little chalky, but this was what I was aiming for. A glaze of brown and black inks over the wood smoothed out the chalkiness and instantly made the coach look weathered. The leather areas were washed with *Brown Ink* on its own, and the large chest on the roof was given several coats of neat *Chestnut Ink*. This went (intentionally) shiny, and gave the chest a lacquered finish. Simply by using different shades of ink washes and glazes, I gave a distinct finish to the separate areas of brown. The small details such as the pouches, longbow and pistol, were painted in different tones of brown from the Citadel ranges. I





experimented with *Bestial*, *Bubonic* and *Vomit Browns* to make them all stand out. A final wash of *Flesh Wash* over the baggage provided some shading.

The metallic areas were all painted with a mix of *Chaos Black* and *Boltgun Metal*. These were highlighted with *Boltgun Metal*, before being washed with thinned-down *Black Ink*. I



deliberately went for a dark look to all the metal bits, to give it the appearance of functional, well-oiled iron rather than polished steel and silver.

The livery was the most fun part to paint, as I wanted to reflect the colours of the company that owned the stagecoach. To get an old, painted look, I stippled the paint onto the coach with a large drybrush. The yellow panels were first painted *Leprous Brown*, and I mixed increasing amounts of *Sunburst Yellow* into this for the highlights, getting lighter towards the centre. A thin glaze of *Flesh Wash* finished the panel off. The red panels were first painted with a thin coat of *Scab Red*, to which *Red Gore* was added for the stippled highlights. *Dwarf Flesh* was added to the mix for the final highlight, before glazing the panels with *Chestnut Ink*. The thin cracks in the paintwork were achieved by carefully painting on lines of *Brown Ink*. Apply the ink neat out of the pot with a fine brush and a steady hand!

The last details to paint on the coach were the lanterns and windows. The lanterns were painted *Leprous Brown*, with *Sunburst Yellow* highlights. The windows were painted *Midnight Blue*, and were drybrushed with increasingly lighter shades, adding *Fortress Grey* to the blue for each stage.

The Coachman

The Coachman's cloak was painted *Dark Angels Green*, and then drybrushed with a 50/50 mix of *Snot* and *Camo Green*. A thin wash of *Black* and *Brown Ink* was applied, before glazing it with *Green Ink*. The drybrushing makes the coachman look a bit more 'rough and ready'. His boots and gloves

were painted *Chaos Black*, with a spot of *Scorched Brown* added to make the colour more natural.

Increasing amounts of *Fortress Grey*

were added for each highlight stage. I cheated a little on the wooden stock of the musket, and used some of the fantastic new colours from the forthcoming Citadel re-release.

Graveyard Earth was used to paint the stock, and the wood grain was carefully painted on using *Kommando Khaki*, before glazing the gun with *Flesh Wash*.

The face was painted *Bestial Brown*, using *Dwarf Flesh* for the first highlights. *Bleached Bone* was added for the top highlights, and finally the face was given a thin application of *Flesh Wash*.

The barrel of the musket was painted *Boltgun Metal*, which was washed with *Black Ink*.

Boltgun Metal and *Chainmail* were mixed for the final highlight.

The Horses

I decided to make the horses slightly different from each other. One was painted dark brown, while the other was more of a chestnut colour. The chestnut was painted *Dark Flesh*, which was highlighted by adding increasing amounts of *Vomit Brown* to the mix. I applied a glaze of *Brown* and *Chestnut Inks* to smooth out the highlights. The darker horse was painted *Scorched Brown*, to which *Bad Moon Yellow* was added for the highlight stages. The markings on both horses were painted using the guidelines from the old 'Eavy Metal Painting guide – this rare gem was written by Mike McVey, and contains some fantastic material if you can get hold of it.

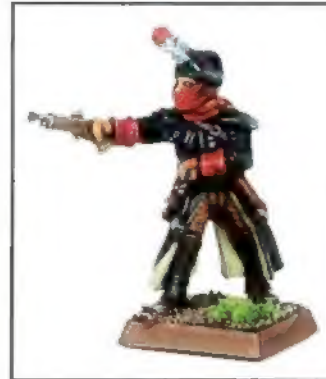
All that was left was to base the model. I stuck sand over the top surface of the base, and when it was dry I painted it with *Brown Ink*. This was drybrushed with *Bleached Bone*. Clumps of coarse turf and static grass were added, before painting the rim with *Dark Flesh*.

Colour pictures of Mark's Stagecoach can be seen opposite.



New Hired Swords

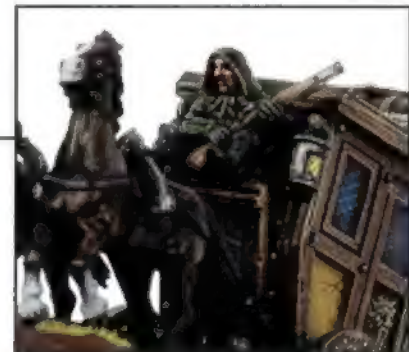
Here's the new releases this month – the Highwayman, Imperial Stagecoach and Roadwarden. Models designed by Mark Bedford and painted by Mark Latham and Darron Bowley.



HIGHWAYMAN



ROADWARDEN



IMPERIAL STAGECOACH WITH CLOSE-UPS OF STOWAGE AND DRIVER



Need a Covert Job Doing?

Need valuables liberating?
Riches in an inaccessible place?
Then you need a pint-sized
pincher with diminutive digits!

Seek 'Kip' the Halfling at the olde Lump
Hammer shoppe.

Lost

One randy invisible dog.
Answers to the name 'Betathanu'
Seek Fishlips at ye Olde Swamp

Poetry Corner Ode to a Troll

T'was a starry night, when I saw
you there,

In ye olde tavern,

When ye winde caught your
matted hair,

You had an ugly gurn,

Then you kissed me,

And I died...

In memoriam - 'Scouse' Matt

WANTED

Hieronymous Quaine

Aka: Adamant & Black Dick

*For crimes of highway robbery,
murder and theft.*

450 gold crowns

For information
leading to capture

OBITUARIES

Middenheimer warband 'The
Cold Hammers' – despatched by
the Roadwarden D'Garra in the
execution of his duty.

Rolf Joonkey – died at the hands
of the 'Gay Blade'.

'Scouse' Matt – jostled to death
by a ravenous Troll.

Claude Van Bran & Markus De
Ligny of ye Marienburg Coach
company – believed killed by
notorious Highwayman Quaine.

Antonio Renaldo – he died of a
broken heart...

SCRIBE'S HONOURABLE MENTION

Oliver Martinus
& Stephanus Harburgh



'Scouse' Matt's Ye Olde Boiler Emporium

Got a grumblin' Olde Boiler?
Trouble with a right Olde Boote?
Need a new Swamp Donkey?

Then seek 'Scouse' Matt at Ye Olde
Boiler Emporium. Ye Drop Inn.

*Also available – right ugly olde Biffas, a
few aged moose & ye odd bagard Troll.*



Sir Wrath 'The Gay Blade' WARRIOR FOR HIRE

40 gcs a day

Ye finest blade in all of
Ostermark. Late of the
Emperor Karl Franz's own
esteemed Knightly order, ye
Reiksguard – discharged
honourably for a most painful
back! Also served as a captain
in the Stirland Militia.

*Hero of ye Battle of Grim
Moor...*

*Rescuer of ye Princess
Griselda from ye most
terrifying Bunyip...*

Witness to the light of Sigmar...

**Seek at the sign of Ye
Nightmare.**

No time wasters please...



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